# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*A Traveller perishing in a Snow-storm.*

Appalling winter now unbounded reigns,
Commands the season, and his rage maintains,
O'er storms terrific, that with fury spread,
Strike the lone wand'rer with the "silent dead."
When far from house, and no assistance near,
And not a sound assails his tortur'd ear,
Save the loud howling, and the ceaseless sighs
Of the rude wind, that unrelentless flies
Surcharged with hail and snow, and all around
The drifted columns rise, and closely bound
*In icy fetters, ev'ry stream is lost,*
And buried deep in snow, and the hoar frost,
On ev'ry object with fantastic pow'r,
Some image forms; 'tis there a crystal bow'r,
Then wreaths, and flow'rs, of ev'ry form appear,
The cottage rises, and the palace there
Defiance frowns, mountains on mountains rest,
And ev'ry pow'r of fancy is express
With added grandeur—but he heeds it not—
Chill'd and oppress', he mourns his hapless lot;
At ev'ry step uncertain where to tread,
He sinks at last—and quickly o'er him spread
The gath'ring snows—and hope, and life, expires;
And ev'ry want his suff'ring life requires
Is buried with him in that formless grave,
That frozen shroud relentless winter gave.

CORDELIA.

### LINES,

*Addressed to a sorrowing little Girl, of extraordinary sensibility, on the death of her amiable Mother.*

Forbear thy tears, my Mary, dear,
Repress that tragic sigh:
Dear mother's safe, thou need'st not fear,
She's safe in Heaven on high.

There in the realms of joy and peace,
Her dear, *loved spirit dwells;*
Delight unbounded, ne'er to cease,
Her gentle bosom swells.

There in that place so rich in bliss,
So joyful and so fair,
Dear mother rests in blessedness,
Engaged in earnest prayer;

That thou, dear child, with all the rest,
Her tender ties below,
May as herself, be also blest,
Be saved from lasting woe.

Then oh! my Mary, as thou lov'st,
Though gone, thy mother dear,
Remember still, in all thou dost,
Her ardent, heavenly prayer.

Nor ever by a sinful part
Reject the good she prays;
But keep a pure, a guileless heart,
By keeping wisdom's ways.

Then when death's kindly stroke shall free
Thy spirit from its clay,
Dear mother once again thou'lt see,
And with her always stay.

PRIVADO.

TO D. H. D.—MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

I'll grave thy name on mem'ry's scroll,
Where friendship's lucid star
Illumes the feelings of the soul,
And sheds its light afar:
O'er many a lone and distant hill,
Its glowing beams are cast;
For retrospection pictures still,
The visions of the past.

But there's a charm whose magic hand
Will twine thy bosom fair;
For like a mother's fost'ring hand,
Will science lead thee there:
There naught impedes the mental flight,
Still onward it does roll,
As visions burst upon the sight,
And love expands the soul.

And if fond mem'ry brings to view
The pleasures past away,
Sweet hope may rise and pencil too,
Her sceneries as gay;
Then higher soar, nor gaze beneath,
But scan the classic soil,
Till thou hast snatch'd a fadeless wreath,
The trophy of thy toil.

T——.

JACOB'S DREAM.

Inspir'd by faith's illuming ray,
To seek a home unknown,
Pensive the Patriarch trod his way,
Trusting in God alone.

Full many a wishful look he cast,
The wide, wide world around,
As on in solitude he passed,
Absorb'd in thought profound.

Dim night anon its curtain drew,
Soft slumber lent repose,
When straight a figured scale in view,
With awful grandeur rose:

Then he beheld an angel throng
Strew'd o'er the glittering line,
That up and downward pass'd along
On embassies divine.

While yet the mystic pencil wrought
The visionary scene,
The soul now kindling fervours caught—
A glow of joy serene:

Though sunk in deep oblivion's rest,
Each outward sense enchained,
There sprang an Eden in his breast—
Divine communion reigned.

Ah! why distrustful mortals, why
Renounce celestial care?
The arm that wields your orbs on high
Sustains each atom here!

Sooner shall fail the mother's heart
Towards the infant son;
Sooner the floods their course depart,
And to their fountains run—

Than the blest streams of heav'nly love
In constant tides to flow,
From their enchantless source above,
To Zion's sons below!

The sun may set in lasting night,
The changeful moon decay—
And every brilliant star of light,
Fall from its sphere away!

Yet form'd on virtue's lofty scale
From height to height to soar,
And o'er the grave and death prevail
When time shall be no more.

Still shall the soul's essential fire,
(Spark of the world of mind,)
Burn on unquenched, when these expire,
And leave no trace behind.

While measuring out life's little span
Of sorrows, crosses, joys,
Dispensed in mercy all to man—
And speaking wisdom's voice.

His maker's Omnipresent pow'r
And watchful providence,
Are round him every live-long hour,
A succour and defence!

The meek and "contrite heart" he sways
And wakes his temple there;
Attunes its trembling chords to praise,
And gratitude, and prayer.

He bids each boisterous tumult cease,
While hope high-wing'd o'er Time
Like Noah's dove in search of peace,
Soars to an happier clime.

W. H. P.

## THE CONTENTED MAN.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

*From the London Literary Souvenir, for 1827.*

In the garden of the Tuilleries there is a sunny corner under the wall of a terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavour of departed summer. On a calm bright morning it is quite alive with nurse-maids and their playful little charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are to be noted, come here to *enjoy sunshine and save fire-wood.* Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost bitten moth thawed before a fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eyeing the buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism. Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutional. He wore the three cornered cocked hat of the *ancient regime;* his hair was frizzled over each ear into *ailes de pigeon,* a stile strongly savouring of Bourbonism; and a *queue* stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility; and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant though old fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex. I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was a habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these reliques of the polite days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age. Where there is a favourable predisposition, one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the East; from that time our acquaintance was established. I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good humoured remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through an alley of the Tuilleries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris; but the Revolution, which effected so many disasterous changes, stripped him of every thing.—He was secretly denounced by his own steward, during a sanguinary period of the Revolution, and a number of the bloodhounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him.—He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders; several of his neighbours having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich. When he reached London he had but a louis in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner on beefsteke, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which from its colour he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop-house, and of the little mahogany-coloured box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and—went to the theatre! He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene shifting, and began to feel his spirit sinking within him, when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognize an old friend and neighbour in the very act of extorting music from a huge violoncello. As soon as the evening's performance was over, he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a mean of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, and was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth. Here therefore he lived for many years during the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living like himself by the exercise of their talents. They associated together, talked of France and old times, and endeavoured to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London. They dined at a miserable cheap French restorateur's in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James' Park, and endeavoured to fancy it the Tuilleries; in short, they made shift to accommodate themselves to every thing but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens;* and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood. The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape penniless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return penniless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government, and had a pension of several hundred francs, upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily. As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hotel garni,* he hired a small chamber in the attice; it was but, as he said, changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house. His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favourable terms: among them was a favourite opera-dancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the Revolution. She had been a protege of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favourites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They now had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day, and the idol of the *parterre,* was now a shrivelled, little old woman, warped in the back, and with a hooked nose. The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees; he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm; for he still felt towards them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty, he made light of it, and, indeed, had a good-humoured way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuilleries and Luxembourg, for his town recreation.—Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing. When I walk through these fine gardens, said he, I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors; and I defy the grand signior himself to display a greater variety of beauty. Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect *Terra Soud,* where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end; I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned.. Upon the whole, said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good humour, when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune.—Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher; and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the Revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them; but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them again to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune; and if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found, what I had long considered as not to be found on earth—a Contented Man.

## OLD MAIDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

*Messrs. Editors.*—As I was perusing your interesting paper some days past, my attention was directed to one of the columns, in which, in very legible characters was printed OLD MAIDS, and being anxious to peruse the paragraph, by which appellation, I considered myself included, I was very much amused to find that venerable class of persons, upon whom the pen of satire has been so oftentimes employed in writing invectives, so greatly vindicated. Now, as I have lately entered their lists, I intend giving you an abstract of my own history, as far as relates to my affairs of love in my more youthful days; for youth you know is generally a season of very little reflection. I possessed, with my contemporaries, more folly than discretion; and, having at different times obtained the favour of some, I carelessly passed on without receiving any impression from their solicitations, until I arrived at the age of twenty-five; when having taken the attention of a youth who was more remarkable for moral virtue than personal attraction, I neglected his offers, and treated with cold indifference, one who was every way worthy of my warmest esteem; but my just punishment was yet to follow. Selecting from the number of his female acquaintance, one more worthy of his affection, and still treating me with marked respect, the nobleness of his actions at once flashed upon my mind, and I became, before I was aware of it, bound with the silken cords of love; but, ah! too late did Cupid select me as a proper victim, and how much have I to regret, that he left me but the sting of his dart. Another had supplanted me, and my prayers, yet second for their felicity; I endeavoured to arm myself cap-a-pie with resolution, but the little urchin will not so easily be resisted, and love, all powerful love still keeps possession. So formidable is he, that I find myself at the age of thirty, still subdued by his power. As I belong to that denomination of persons called Old Maids, I will leave it to your correspondents to judge whether I deserve pity or ridicule.

ELIZA.

## THE MORALIST.

ON PLEASURE.

It is certain that a love of pleasure is common to man in all ages and nations, and its enjoyment has been continually sought after. To one who accustoms himself to consider the various misfortunes and evils incident to every condition of life, it must afford a subject of the deepest regret, that so many are reduced to the utmost indigence, and compelled to lead a miserable life through the influence of corrupting passions. Mankind appear to place their happiness in vain and imaginary joys, and make them their principal object, which are nothing but delusive phantoms. Were they to reflect for a moment, and observe the baleful effects of intemperance in pleasure, prudence would suggest to them the folly of such a course. When vice has once made its entrance into the heart, the barrier of reason is weakened, and every new temptation renders resistance more feeble, until by a constant perseverance in this destructive career, a reform becomes hopeless and unavailing. The man who has thus suffered himself to be led astray, at length perceives his mistake, but, alas! too late to be redressed. The errors and depravity of his mispent life present themselves to his mind in their most hideous forms, and the remembrance of them obliges him to shed a tear of compunction for past transgressions. Youth, the season universally allowed to be best adapted to the improvement of the mind, is too frequently spent in laying up stores for future remorse. How often do we see the noblest genius, which, if properly cultivated, would be an ornament to society, blasted by means of illusory and contagious pleasures! Yet so imperfect is human nature, that we have great reason to mourn over its frailties. It is principally by the power of the imagination that youth are drawn into evil; and unless they suffer themselves to be governed by the dictates of reason, they must forever remain unsettled and wavering; the slaves of vice—the victims of tumultuous passions!—What has been said with regard to those gratifications which degrade man in the estimation of his fellow-creatures, and entirely unfit him for any important station in society, is not intended to exclude others which are of an innocent nature, and adapted to a rational being. On the contrary, whenever pleasure is taken within the bounds of moderation, it becomes highly beneficial. But it is only in conducting ourselves according to the precepts of that Divine Being who "gives us power to stand, but leaves us free to fall," that we can ever expect to derive those true and imperishable delights, which a life passed in the practice of every virtue is capable of yielding.

JUVENTUS.

FUTURE REPENTANCE.

Let that man who promises himself a future repentance, and upon that confidence proceeds to sin, show me any solid satisfactory reason, why God may not cashier him in the very commission of that sin that he is designing. And then, whether it would not be the grimmest dispensation that ever befell him, to be thrust out of the world with his sins about his ears; and to be brought, as it were, in the very heat and steam of his offence, to render up an account for it at God's tribunal, before he had scarce finished the commission.

The events of to-morrow are neither within the compass of our understanding to know, nor of our power to dispose of, wherefore the advice of the spirit, concerning the time of our repentance, is the same with that of St. Austin, who counselled his friend to repent a day before he died; which proceeding upon terms of rational certainty is to repent to-day.

* * * * *

The commission of sin is like the effusion of water, easily contained in its bounds, but uncontrollable in its course. We indeed, may give it vent, but God alone knows where it will stop. Is not that man, therefore, stupidly ignorant who chooses to encounter his sin by a future repentance? Reasons would argue and discourse thus: If I find that I have scarce power enough to resist my sin at present, shall I not have much less when time shall give it growth and strength, and as it were knit its joints and render it unconquerable?

It is here as with a man in combat, every blow his adversary gives him disables for the very next resistance. A man at first finds the beginning and little inconveniences of a disease, but physic is unpleasant; and withal he finds himself in a good competence of strength at present, and therefore he resolves to wear it out; but in the mean time his distemper eats on its way, and grows upon him, till at length he has not strength to bear physic, but his disease quickly runs him down and becomes incurable.

A man at first is strong, and his sin is weak, and he may easily break the neck of it by a mature repentance; but his own deluding heart tells him, that he had better repent hereafter: that is, when, on the contrary, he himself is deplorably weak, and his sin invincibly strong.

Commission of sin may indeed wound, but it is continuance of sin that kills. A man by falling to the ground may get a bruise or a knock; but by lying on the ground after he is fallen he may chance to catch his death.—*South's Sermons.*

## THE ICEBERGS.

A Narrative of Facts, communicated by a British Admiral.

The immense masses of ice which are formed in the northern seas frequently break loose, and are borne on the waves into more southern latitudes. They are generally known by the name of icebergs, and are dangerous to navigators; more so than rocks; for if a vessel strikes upon the latter, there is support generally afforded to the wreck, which allows the crew time to use such means for their escape as the nature of the coast may admit of, but the iceberg yields none. When one of them has struck a ship, it is impossible that it should uphold her for a moment, being not only a hill of glass, as it were, on all sides, but also perpetually in motion.

At one particular season of some years, the icebergs come down in great numbers, and obstruct the passage of the North American coast, endangering the vessels considerably. They appear in every form, and of all sizes; some scarcely exceeding the dimensions of a small cottage; others appearing as the ruins of a large town; and others again of an extent that cannot be easily calculated, sometimes miles in length, and of a tremendous height. Not unfrequently a ship is caught between two of them, that are hurled against each other by the impulse of the waves; in which case it is generally lifted out of the water, and either crushed by the violent compression, or plunged again into the sea by the parting of these strange and terrible masses. I have seen them off the coast of Newfoundland tossed upon the billows, and looking so exceedingly beautiful that I should have wished for their nearer approach, if not aware how perilous it would be to our vessel. How mercifully does the Lord reject our inconsiderate petitions! How often do we long for those things, which, if granted, would be our destruction, and murmur at the dispensation to which we may, perhaps, owe the safety both of our bodies and souls!

I recollect meeting, at sea, with a gentleman who had experienced a most wonderful and providential escape when entangled among the icebergs. I will relate it, as nearly as my recollection will permit.

The captain wished to pass up the river St. Lawrence, and he proceeded in that direction, but was driven out of his course by adverse winds. After a long time he found himself in the bay of Gaspe, and every hour the icebergs became more numerous around him.

Very thick weather came on; he proceeded cautiously, for the danger was most appalling; to which side soever he turned, icebergs met his view, rising in grotesque shapes, rendered yet more strange by the effects of a constant fog, and frequently clashing against each other with a noise like thunder, destroying one another by the violence of the shock, and threatening immediate death to the trembling mariners, who cautiously guided their vessel through the mazes of these terrific rocks of ice, continually moving as they were from place to place.

It was at day-break one morning that the awful situation of the whole crew became fully known to them. All that day and night, and the following day, the captain remained upon deck, at the wheel, by which the rudder is governed, steering his ship through the frightful icebergs that enclosed it on every side. Another night came, and their danger only appeared more imminent; another day passed, and still the captain never left the deck.

The captain knew it was his duty to use every effort for the preservation of his own life, and that of his men; he therefore, worked diligently, and left the event to God. He ordered the boats to be in readiness to be launched in a moment; and a small stock of provisions laid up in each. Towards dawn on the third day, he was aware that a very large and dangerous iceberg threatened to cross the only place they could pass through; and he was doubly watchful; the faint gleam of the morning, reddened by its passage through the fog, appeared to tip with fire each huge mass of ice that lay piled around them; and the more distinct the scene became, the more evident was there exceeding danger. They proceeded, the iceberg came rolling towards their course, the captain hoped to evade it by a dexterous movement of the rudder, but in vain! With a force that stunned every person on board, the keel of the vessel struck on the base of the iceberg, for a moment became stationary, and then rapidly began to fill with water.

What an awful moment was that! Eternity seemed about to open upon their view; and to them it was as if the angel had proclaimed that there should be time no longer.

The boats were cut loose instantly; the sailors dropped into them; and the captain saw nine of his men in one, and five in the other, before he, the last who left the ship, entered the smaller boat. They pushed off, and in a few seconds nothing but the top of the masts remained above the water; an instant longer, and they too were gone.

If the situation of these mariners had been terrible, when in their good sheltering ship, what must it now appear exposed in two puny boats that scarcely bore them above the surface of the ocean? What helpless objects were they now, surrounded by the towering icebergs, one of which could have borne down a thousand such boats in its way without obstruction!

They looked up, and perhaps saw the overhanging edges of two such frozen crags meeting above their heads, as it combined for their destruction; they felt the grating of their little keels upon the bases beneath the water; and still the fog prevented them from beholding any objects but those that immediately surrounded them. To hoist a sail was impossible; all they could do was to row cautiously along in the direction of the land, as they hoped, at about eight miles distance.

I asked the narrator what was his feeling when he stepped from his sinking ship into the boat; his reply was short, but comprehensive, "I felt that I was in the Lord's hands."

Such is the blessed privilege of the Christian, while his surest earthly prop is gliding from beneath him, while his enemies are mighty and increase on every side; yea, while, perhaps, the mists of doubt are suffered to hang upon his mind, and to cloud the evidences of his faith; still, in the utmost extremity, he feels that he is "in the Lord's hand," and there he can willingly remain, for His mercies are great. The true believer may be parted from all that promises him rest and security on earth; but this is his comfort; nothing can separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The Lord's hand was not shortened; they continued to pass unharmed all that day through the icebergs; but when night came on, the hearts of the poor mariners could not but droop. It was summer; but the air was rendered cold by so much ice, and the icebergs becoming less numerous had room to dash about more freely. Providentially the weather was very calm; they committed themselves to the special guardianship of Him to whom the night is as clear as the day.

Morning came, and most welcome it was; for they beheld a long line of coast stretching before them, crowned with groves, and smiling in the beauty of rich vegetation. Very little ice remained in sight; just enough to remind them that they were not safe until they could gain the land, and to induce them more eagerly, under a full press of the canvass that they now hoisted, to enter the clear harbor that opened before their view; where they arrived without having sustained the slightest injury in their persons or health, and found every want liberally supplied by the hospitality of the inhabitants.

How prone are we to place our dependence upon things that in reality endanger our safety! These sailors considered their stout ship as that on which all depended, under God. Her lofty masts, her comfortable cabins, seemed a shelter to them; while to the moment when they must forsake her and trust themselves to the weak boats, they looked forward with dread and aversion. Yet the ship, by her bulk, placed their lives in more imminent peril; while the little boats glided safely over masses on which her keel must have struck, under projections where her rigging would have been entangled, and through openings that could not have admitted her prow. Is it not thus that we regard our station, our interests, while God sees, that, by depriving us of them, he renders our path easy, and our safety permanent, disappointing the designs of those who would pervert our blessings, and render them a snare and a stumbling block to us? Surely, many a child of God can set the seal of his experience to this assertion, and rejoice that he was not left to choose his own defences. When our ship is sinking, let us not resign ourselves to despair; the boat under the Lord's guidance, may do even better service.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal have I to render thee,——
——Who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge,—— *Milton.*

"Knowledge," says a celebrated writer, "is the best foundation of happiness," and the long experience of ages has confirmed the assertion. Indeed, if we look around on the great theatre of this world, and observe the various objects presented to the view of the transient spectator, we must be sensible that all those beauties which for a time delight the senses will soon become heavy and uninteresting when they are represented to us whilst our eyes are clouded by the "veil of ignorance;" but should that veil (by the acquirement of knowledge) be removed, we should behold them "ever charming, ever new." Such is the difference between an unimproved mind and one that has received the advantages of a good cultivation. The former loves its vital energy in proportion to the time it remains in its original degraded state, whilst the latter continually gains strength as it advances into action. The benefits resulting from the acquisition of knowledge are infinite, and can be properly appreciated by those only who have experienced the advantages it is capable of producing in the [illegible] pursuit is a constant source of pleasure; whatever may be the hardships they undergo in its prosecution, they are confident that they will be amply recompensed by its attainment. Happy would it be, if under the influence of the calm feelings of reason, every man should have in view, one of the principle ends of his existence, the acquisition of knowledge, then would we observe that "unity of sentiment," and "concurrence of ideas," which should characterize every member of the community.

MARCUS.

## BARON DE KALB.

This good man was major-general in the American army during the Revolutionary war. He was a German by birth, a brave and meritorious officer. He had attained a high reputation in military service, and was a knight of the order of military merit, and a brigadier general in the armies of France. He accompanied the Marquis de La Fayette to this country, and having proffered his services to Congress, he was appointed to the office of major general. He repaired to the main army, in which he served at the head of the Maryland division, very much respected.

Possessing a stout frame, with excellent health, no officer was more able to encounter the toils of war. Moderate in mental powers, as in literary acquirements, he excelled chiefly in practical knowledge of men and things, gained during a life of close and accurate investigation of the causes and effects of passing events.

No man was better qualified for the undertaking.—He was sober, drinking water only: abstemious to excess: living on bread, sometimes with beef soup, at other times with cold beef; industrious, it being his constant habit to rise at five in the morning, light his candle, devote himself to writing, which was never intermitted during the day, but when interrupted by his short meals, or by attention to his official duty; and profoundly secret.

No man surpassed this gentleman in simplicity and condescension; which gave to his department a cast of amiability extremely ingratiating, exciting confidence and esteem.

At the battle of Camden, in South Carolina, the Baron de Kalb commanded the right wing of the American army. At the commencement of the action the great body of militia who formed the left wing of the army, on being charged with fixed bayonets by the British infantry, threw down their arms, and with the utmost precipitation fled from the field.—In this battle the Americans suffered a severe defeat and loss. The continental troops, who formed the right wing of the army, inferior as they were in numbers to the British, stood their ground, and maintained the conflict with great resolution. Never did men acquit themselves better. The Americans lost the whole of their artillery, eight field pieces, upwards of two hundred waggons, and the greater part of their baggage. The royal army fought with great bravery but their victory was in a great measure owing to their superiority in cavalry, and the precipitate retreat of the American militia.

De Kalb, sustaining by his splendid example the courageous effort of our inferior force, in his last resolute attempt to seize victory, received eleven wounds, and was made prisoner. His lingering life was rescued from immediate death by the brave interposition of lieutenant colonel du Buysson, one of his side-camps, who embraced the prostrate general, and received into his own body the bayonets pointed at his friend. Chevalier de Buysson rushed through the clashing bayonets, and stretching his arms over the body of the fal-

len here, exclaimed "save the Baron de Kalb! save the Baron de Kalb!" The British officers interposed and prevented his immediate destruction; but he survived the action but a few hours. To a British officer, who kindly condoled with him in his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man."

The heroic veteran, though treated with every attention, survived but a few days.—Never were the last moments of a soldier better employed. He dictated a letter to Gen. Smallwood, who succeeded to the command of his division, breathing in every word his sincere and ardent affection for his officers and soldiers, expressing his admiration of their late noble, though unsuccessful stand; reciting the eulogy which their bravery had extorted from the enemy; together with the lively delight such testimony of their value had excited in his own mind, then hovering on the shadowy confines of life. Feeling the pressure of death, he stretched out his quivering hand to his friend and aid-de-camp Chevalier de Boyesan, pound of his generous wounds, he breathed his last benedictions on his faithful brave division.

General Washington, many years after, on a visit to Camden, enquired for the grave of De Kalb. After looking on it awhile, with a countenance marked with thought, he breathed a deep sigh; and exclaimed, So there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a foreign land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!

On the 14th of October, 1780, Congress erected a Monument to his memory, in the town of Annapolis, in the state of Maryland.

## RUNNING IN DEBT.

Few practices are more prevalent, or more culpable among certain classes of people in this age and country, than that of *running in debt*. It is always disagreeable to have "to pay for dead horses;" and as horses, like all other things, are liable to die or be destroyed, it is much better to have them already paid for. A person rarely earns money to pay an old debt, with that alacrity and satisfaction which attends the laborer, who can look forward to the time when he shall receive the reward of his industry. If I want an article, therefore, either for necessity, comfort or convenience, I always earn it first, and verily believe I derive as much pleasure in laboring to obtain the means of buying it as its actual possession subsequently affords. Besides, the consciousness that it is mine and paid for, affords an additional zest to its enjoyment. In this way, I avoid the desire to vex some of my neighbours.—I am not afraid to see a clerk or apprentice coming up street with his hand full of bills to collect, since I know he can have none for me: I never go out of my way to avoid the sight of a creditor, or feel horror-struck at meeting a Sheriff or Constable on the side-walk. In short, though by no means wealthy, I confess I feel a kind of *independence* and self-approbation—a kind of *consequence*, if you please to term it, and why should I not? if I enter a store to enquire for an article, the merchant and his clerks always greet me with smiling faces, show me their very best, and put it at their lowest price, because they know I always pay on the spot for what I purchase. The mechanic serves me in the handsomest style; nor have I reason to complain of want of punctuality in my shoemaker, notwithstanding what has been said about the lack of memory incident to that trade. One thing I know—he never forgets to do my job, whatever others may say about him.—He knows that "money maketh the mare go."

Affairs are differently managed by my neighbour Tom. He is always in debt, always complaining of hard times, and wanting to borrow money to pay off an old debt on which a suit is threatened. He goes to his work with a heavy heart and long face, which evidently shows that his employment is irksome to him. Of course he does not work so many hours in a day, or with such despatch as he might, because he knows that all his earnings are going to help pay old debts;—perhaps to pay for provisions long since consumed, or for clothes already worn out. Now all neighbour Tom's troubles arise from his entertaining a false belief, that poor *folks must run in debt*. A more absurd notion, or fatal error never existed. But, strange to say, many of my other neighbours are of Tom's way of thinking, and there's no, will not be reasoned out of it. My maxim is, *poor people should never run in debt*, and for this very reason, among others, that they are poor and cannot afford it. For say what you will to the contrary, merchants and mechanics will sell cheaper for cash than on credit. If a rich man, who has the means of payment at command, is disposed to contract debts, let him if he will. But before a poor man requests to be trusted, he should recollect, that by so doing, he subjects himself to the will and caprice of another, and renders himself liable to be locked up in jail whenever the *creditor* says the word, which will be, whenever he displeases the creditor, or quits trading at his store, because he finds the prices higher than at other places. One more of Tom's false notions and I have done. He, in common with others, who pursue a similar course of bad economy, is always grumbling about imprisonment for debt. I say it is a good law. It never troubled me any more than the law against high-way robbery, and I do not mean it shall; If any one is fool enough to lay himself liable to its penalty, he ought to suffer for his folly.

"A rod for the fool's back."

It is no wonder that such people should complain of imprisonment for debt, since,

"None ever felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

FRANKLIN.

FROM THE NANTUCKET INQUIRER.

And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nails.

*Shakspeare.*

Now we are buried in the very heart of winter. Every thing is frozen. The soul of benevolence itself expands not without an effort; cramped are the very fingers of charity; patriotism sparkles but as a dying ember; waning are the fires of religion; Hymen's torch shedileth more light than heat, and Cupid hath need of a blanket. All faith and all virtues are shrivelled into the smallest possible dimensions. Closed are the avenues through which man sympathizes with his fellow. Frigid vapours and dismal blasts compress into selfishness and ice, all open hearts and all still waters. Vegetation hath long ceased, and speculation droops, and one vast frost seems to circumvest the universe, and the banks refuse to discount.

Now falleth the feathery snow and the grey sleet slantwise, sometimes disturbed by intruding gusts of hail, roughly pattering against the bedroom's easternmost casement. Elderly matrons and impatient convalescents look despondingly along the deserted street and symptoms of shuddering crawl over the flannelled epidermis, and master Dicky in his ball dress exclaims "dear me, I'm all goose-flesh." Now the the hearth is thickly peopled, and the dry sticks snap spitefully in the blaze, while the green log splutters sulkily below. Now thro' narrow chancks insinuates the frightful breeze, and aunt Grizzel, with a ghastly pucker, smudges costly against the other jamb. Now long icicles decline from projecting eaves and overhanging spouts, and the iron pump-brake cleaveth to the round and rosy hand of Miss Jemima essaying to fill the tea-kettle. Now camblets thickly lined, and tartans with exaggerated capes, and drab duffles and dreadnought and devonshires, and coating cloaks for the softer sex are exteriorly displayed. Now do we appropriate to the times of sleighing and sliding—afar off there is a tinkling of little bells mingling with the hollow winds; and tough younkers tell of congealed ponds, shuttling thither with a viaticum of skates and gingerbread, to enact feats vertiginous and ruminant.

All neighborhood hath departed, save at city firesides, where silent-whist bears sovereign rule, or clattering dice break dolefully upon the social loneliness. In towns unpopulous, each rustic householder now summons his whole circle, from jocund Johnny on the three legged stool within the chimney corner, to the [illegible] on the hearth, to [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

been used, they spread terror and dismay among this superstitious race of people, more particularly by their king being wounded by one of the first."


# EVENING POST.

## PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1827.


TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Friend J—deserves our thanks and the favour of the Ladies, for the pretty morceau he has furnished for their edification.

A Letter from a friend of ours, a young artist now in London, received per the Hudson, at N. York, gives us assurance of a speedy fulfilment of the promise made previous to his departure from Philadelphia, and we expect to be able to furnish shortly occasional sketches of the scenery and manners of our transatlantic neighbours, that will be interesting and amusing to the American reader.

"The Volunteer," an interesting tale of the Revolution, from ARKANZOS, has been received, and will be commenced in next week's paper.

"A Tale of Truth," UNSIGNED: Two prose articles from PETER SIMPLE—"Maternal affection," FREDERICK—"More Miseries," a NOVICE—a tale from "O. B."—and an essay on "Improvement," &c. have all been received.

M. B. shall be heard—where our friend "Peter" ten times a Bachelor we would endeavour to persuade him to listen to the arguments she uses, and also to leave off his habitual railing against "Heaven's last best gift to Man."

"Sons of Judea, why thus roam," SYLVAN: "I cannot love, my changing heart," W. C. B.; "When calmly you sail over life's wide spreading ocean," HAROLD; "What clouds my brow, &c. OCEAN HAND; and several others are placed in our port folio for publication.

The gentleman who has amused himself by scribbling a farrago of nonsense, that takes up three full sheets of *foolscap*, and which he would tax us with the trouble of reading, is advised, if he is prudent, to keep himself cool—or like the frog in the fable, he may perhaps, in the fulness of his own conceits, betray to others, what we are sufficiently convinced of—his WEAKNESS and POTAE.

He that shall rail against his truest friends,
Or hears them spoken and ne'er defends,
Speaks with ill saw to end speaks what'er he can,
And only to be hated—his way man:
Tells tales and flings his friends in disesteem;
That man's a knave—to thou beware of him.

### LAST NOTICE.

Having found it impracticable to collect the arrears due us for 12 or 18 months past from many subscribers (*not patrons*) in the *City* and *Country*, we are now obliged to give one general and definite notice, that if arrears of long standing to the Saturday Evening Post are not settled during the present month, they will be placed, on the first of February, in the hands of a *Magistrate for collection*.

Several files of late *English* and *French* papers are now on our desk, furnished us through the politeness of our friend and correspondent, T. Snowden, Esq. proprietor of the New York National Advocate. The arrangements for this week do not allow us to profit by their contents—we shall prepare the most important extracts, however, in time for our next.

Mr. Burgess, in his speech in support of the bill for the relief of the surviving officers of the revolution, states, that the several emissions of paper money by the continental congress, from June 22, 1775, to Nov. 29, 1779, amounted to $200,000,000.

In our number of last week, our readers may recollect, we introduced a small notice stating that our admired female correspondent ELLEN, is about to favour us with a publication of her poetical effusions. The work is now undergoing a revision by a literary gentleman of this city, who has just communicated to us the following remarks:

"The story of the "*Robber and Peasant*" is certainly well calculated to impart no inconsiderable interest. The plot is strongly indicative of much successful moral investigation, incidents, impassioning and appropriate, and clothed in language suited to enhance their effect.

What circumstances are more efficient in awakening intellectual sensations, than those detailed in this poem? A dejected peasant wandering forlorn in a sombre wilderness, assailed suddenly by a stern robber, who conducts his yielding victim to his abode in the darkest portion of the forest, where the captive's feelings are alarmed by the disgusting remains of mortality partially concealed in a corner of the cavern. The robber, waiting for his comrades, enters upon a recital of his direful deeds, responded to by a similar relation of private events on the part of the peasant. The robber is perturbed from an apprehension that his victim is his father. Sequel confirms, and eventually proves, this fearful anticipation. They escape tremblingly together from this haunt of perfidy and rapine, dreading detection by the clan. The Bandit reverts to a life of virtue, restores his parent to the spouse of his affections, enjoying every terrestial happiness compatible with a state of captivity and separation from her consort."

The residuary pieces, though many of them very beautiful, are less extended: Collectively the performance is well fitted, it is conceived, to afford much guileless entertainment.

The Ladies will be waited on at their dwellings next week, by a person authorised for the purpose, that they may have the first opportunity that has presented itself to encourage the Female literature of our country. Subscription papers will be left at the principal Booksellers for signatures.

### WAR.

Since our last, the public ear has been astounded with the cry of war, between Spain and Portugal—two powers, which of themselves, would excite but little attention; but, supported as the latter *is* by England, and as the former *may be* by France, there are some reasons for believing that the general peace of Europe may be disturbed. We will give our readers in a few words the origin of these troubles.

It is not unknown that the King of Brazil has placed his sister on the throne of Portugal, and given that ancient monarchy a liberal constitution. The old party of Legitimates, friends of absolute power, in Portugal, objected to this measure, and many of them retired to Spain, where they assembled without the means of subsistence from their own exertions. They have taken advantage of the miserable bustinty of the Spanish King to the free institutions of Portugal, and have received from him (probably indirectly,) arms and munitions for entering their own country in a hostile manner, and devastating the border towns and cities. These Portuguese are of course accompanied by many Spaniards.—Now the power that England has sent to aid the Princess of Portugal is sufficient to quell the *present* insurrection and invasion, and if Spain disclaims any interference in the matter, it is probable that the troubles will soon cease. But if Spain is found aiding and abetting the quarrel, she will be involved in the war—in which case it is presumed that France will be as much bound to aid *her*, as was England to succour Portugal; treaties of alliance offensive and defensive, having long existed between England and Portugal, and France and Spain.

France has at this time an army in Spain, and can at the shortest notice send any reinforcement which circumstances may require without the intervention of fleets, the trouble and expense of embarkation and transportation—and hence it would be an easy matter to blow the present coals of dissention into a calamitous war—and whatever protestations of peace may have been made by certain powers, it appears not improbable that more than one would find no serious objections to a war, provided the *arena* was not on its own soil. The promptitude with which the British troops marched, showed that the measure had been in contemplation, and it may not be wide of the truth to suppose that Mr. Canning's late visit to France had a reference to the present subject of contention.

Meantime, with the present troubles in England, it may be enquired what policy is to be preferred—war might give a momentary start to affairs, but it would certainly add to the debt, and consequently increase the tax, and therefore renew the burthens.

Copies of the Likenesses of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, President of the United States, J. C. CALHOUN, Vice President, Gen. ANDREW JACKSON, DEWITT CLINTON, Governor of New-York, JOHN RANDOLPH, &c. besides views of the PENNSYLVANIA CAPITOL at Harrisburgh; the PRESIDENT'S House at Washington, and several others, engraved by first rate artists, may be had at either of the offices, No. 50 Market street, or No. 115 Chesnut street.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
*The Philadelphia Literary Gazette and Register of News.*

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I have just concluded perusing the prospectus of a Weekly Journal, shortly to be published in this city, under the above title.—It promises to be a publication of intrinsic value, and will assuredly prove essentially advantageous to the flourishing literature of our country. Nothing of the kind is at present published in Philadelphia, and no paper has been longer or more especially wanted. The talents of its editor, Doctor M'Henry, are of no ordinary standing, and will alone ensure it a highly respectable character amongst American periodicals. He is the author of O'Halloran, The Wilderness, The Spectre of the Forest, and many other valuable works; and for a long time edited with honor to himself, and credit to American Literature, the American Monthly Magazine, formerly published in this City. The primary object of the Literary Gazette, as stated in the proposals, is to take into consideration, the merits and demerits of all publications issuing from the American press, without being in the slightest degree regulated in opinions of literary matters by any foreign tribunals. This feature, of itself, so independent and national, should recommend it to the attention of the public, and ensure it a stable foundation and unqualified success. In New York are uttered, several journals of a somewhat similar character, all of which receive a liberal, if not an extensive patronage. Philadelphia has ever ranked high for national character, as well as literary eminence, therefore is it the more remarkable, that a publication, similar to the proposed one, has not long since appeared. It should certainly meet with that liberal encouragement which it deserves, and (as by your last number,) I perceive the prospectus will appear at full length in to-day's Post, your readers could not employ their time better than in giving it an attentive perusal.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

## EPITOME OF NEWS.

It is estimated that during the last year from five to seven hundred houses have been built in this city. In some places, entire sides of squares have been constructed.

There are ninety steamboats navigating the streams that fall into the bay of Mobile, Alabama. In a short time they expect four more.

Near Albany lately, a young Canadian travelling on foot in a snow storm, being fatigued laid down in the snow, and got asleep. In consequence he was frozen to death.

The treasury of Franklin county, Pa. has been robbed of 2700 dollars.

The Governor of North Carolina recommends the repeal of the laws authorising corporal punishments. His map of that state is to be published.

Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D. F. R. S. F. L. S. of New York, has been elected an honorary Member of the "*National Society of Natural Science of Switzerland.*"

A writer in the Nantucket Journal, proposes the establishment of a steamboat to run between that island and Boston.

A catfish was lately caught in Appomattox river, Georgia, which on being opened, was found to contain a real kitten. It was dead.

A few days ago one of the convicts in the penitentiary, in Kentucky, having been put to weaving which he did not like, chopped off with an axe, the fingers of his left hand and a part of his left foot, with most of his toes.

A letter from Havanna, dated the 23th ultimo, states that Commodore Porter had sent a challenge to Commodore Laborde, commanding the Spanish naval force at Havana, who immediately put to sea and was spoken with on the night of the 26th ultimo, by the British sloop of war Espeigle, Captain Yates.

A late arrival at Baltimore from Bremen, brings hay and potatoes! This indeed is like "carrying coal to Newcastle."

Mr. and Miss Clark, the Lilliputian songsters, are giving Concerts at Richmond, Va.

The Panharmonicon and Paper Cutting Gallery are in exhibition at Lexington, Ken.

A rich bed of iron ore has been lately discovered on the Gun Stock Mountain, in Gilford, N. H. which is said to be very extensive, and a furnace is now erecting for the purpose of preparing it for use.

The two seventy-fours building in Charleston, have been named New-Hampshire and Virginia.

The Branch Bank of the United States, recently established at Mobile, was to commence business on the 15th. The Bank had introduced into the place a large amount in specie, on which to found its operations.

A Savannah paper of the 20th ult. speaks of the extreme degree of cold experienced there; the thermometer stood at 14 degrees below freezing point. Pears were entertained that the orange trees had suffered severely.

Funeral honors were paid to the memories of Adams and Jefferson, by the Legislature of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, on the 27th ult.

The Rutland (Vermont) Herald, of January 8th, states that for 150 miles in every direction from that place the snow was from two to three feet deep.

The frigate Brandywine, Capt. Jones, and sloop of war Vincennes, Capt. Finch, sailed for the Pacific on the 19th Nov. destined to the relief of the Squadron under command of Com. Hull. The officers and crews generally well.

In New York, the grand jury has returned a bill of indictment against Jacob Barker, for a libel on Richard Hatfield; also another against the same individual for a libel on Abraham B Mead. The libellous matter is contained in the pamphlet of Mr. Barker's, lately published.

A writer in the Delaware Watchman suggests the expediency of affixing a brass trumpet to the top of the steam pipe, in steamboats, which by the discharge of steam through it, he thinks would give a blast louder than the sound of any bell, used for giving notice of the arrival or departure of boats.

A company is about to be formed to erect an extensive Brewery at South Boston. The capital is to be 100,000 dollars, divided into 1000 shares. An act of incorporation has been obtained, and the necessary buildings will probably be commenced next spring.

In Charleston, S. C. the venders of lottery tickets pay a tax of one thousand dollars.

The Portland American mentions that several highly respectable individuals of that city have consented to lend their names and influence to call upon the citizens for succor to the starving Greeks.

The house of Isaac Secine, of Hector, New York, was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. and a child three years old perished in the flames. A lad 13 years of age, who slept in the same room with the child, was so badly burnt in endeavouring to save it that he died the following evening.

It is stated in the Wiscasset paper of Friday last, that the Eastport Revenue Cutter went ashore in the south east gale of the week previous, between Moose Pecca Head and Little River, and all on board, twenty-two, perished.

It appears from the report of the treasurer of Maine, that the state debt has increased during the two last years by the amount of $15,000, and that it is likely to be still further increased the present year. Notwithstanding the considerable amount received from Massachusetts, the state debt is already $5,090 dollars.

The number of foreign arrivals at Boston during the past year, amounted to 870, viz: 96 ships, 5 barques, 462 brigs, 299 schooners, and 8 sloops.—The number of foreign clearances 614.

The Messrs. Howlands of New York have commenced the publication of their defence against certain charges contained in the pamphlet of Messrs. Diier and Sedgwick, on the subject of the Greek frigates.

Eight persons have been committed to jail within a few days, at Herkimer, N. Y. charged with passing counterfeit bank notes.

From the London Price Current.

Within the last few weeks a great change has taken place in the public mind, in reference to the prospects of trade; a general opinion is now entertained, that there will be a great revival of commerce in the spring of 1827; and in the anticipation of this event several extensive speculations have been entered into in produce generally; and in several instances the large holders refuse to sell their goods, in the confident expectation of the change. We ourselves, unconnected with commerce, but in reporting its progress, feel confident of the revival of commerce from the present depression, and we see no description of trade in which a progressive improvement may not be anticipated if we except the shipping interests; the navigation of the Country has received a death blow from the Legislature, which only a free trade in corn can ameliorate—a change which the most sanguine cannot anticipate.

*Deaths during the past week.*

| | Adults. | Children. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Philadelphia, | 41 | 30 | 71 |
| New-York, | 34 | 56 | 90 |
| Baltimore, | 12 | 16 | 28 |


FRANKLIN JOURNAL,
AND AMERICAN MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

EDITED by Dr. Thomas P. Jones, Professor of Mathematics in the Franklin Institute. This Journal is devoted to the improvement of the useful arts in our country, is published monthly, each number contains 72 pages closely printed. The work is embellished with wood cuts and copper plate engravings and will form a complete Mechanics Library. Subscription five dollars per annum. Judah Dobson, agent, No. 106, Chesnut st. Publisher. jan 20 tf

City Lottery and Exchange Office.

JOHN DOLBY,

HAS the pleasure of informing the public in general, and his friends in particular, that he has taken the office at the north east corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets, formerly occupied by Mr. Jones, where he has commenced the Lottery and Exchange Business, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Banks and individuals will be liberally dealt with. He invites the attention of adventurers to the scheme of the

UNION CANAL LOTTERY,

27th class, new series—Yates & M'Intyre, Managers—To be drawn on the 28th March, 1827—60 number lottery by combination—9 drawn numbers.

Tickets $5—halves 2 50—quarters 1 25—eighths 62 cents.

Tickets and shares, signed by the Managers, to be had of J. DOLBY,

City Lottery and Exchange Office, N. E. corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets. jan 20—tf

IRISH LINENS.

THE subscriber has just received a general assortment of the above articles of the most approved bleaches. Among which are extra heavy 7-8 Canvass, and 4-4 soft dressed Linens—also, Linen Cambrics, and Cambric Holland, for sale at the lowest cash prices, by

H. C. CORNER,
40 south 2d street.

1 mo 20—4t

A CURIOSITY.

MR. GIBBS, Lottery Broker, of this city, has recently exhibiting in that state a curiosity of construction, said to be the work of an Indian artist. It consists of a box 1.2 inches long, 7-8 wide, and 1 1-4 thick—of Cocoa wood. On the end is a small lock—on the other, a lid opens and discloses an ivory ball three quarters of an inch in diameter, the holes and engravings on which, besides containing the hours and minutes, fill the whole of the ivory ball. But the most wonderful part is that on setting a spring in the top of the box from which the ball was taken, a lord descends in a chariot. The lord is of ivory, and is about 1 1-2 inches from the head to the foot, and yet the chariot and horses, with all those animals common to a large size—the lord upon the chariot—are so little but well upon and in their proper relative proportions, and its wheels and tail spread and actioned during its song. After finishing and executing its strain, it drops upon its pedestal, descends to its retreat, and the lid gently closes to its place. jan 20—tf

NEW SCHEME.

NINE drawn tickets, only 25 numbers. Union Canal Lottery, 27th Class. Highest prize $5,000.

Tickets five dollars. Shares in proportion. To be had at LEVY'S Lottery and Exchange Office, No. 32 Chesnut street, four doors below Third street.

☞ Where have been sold and lately paid several large capital prizes.

☞ Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

Uncurrent monies taken at par for tickets.

All kinds of Gold and Bank Notes bought on the best terms.

Exchange and Lottery information gratis.

Jan. 20—tf A. J. LEVY.

FOR SALE.

A HANDSOME [illegible] of about [illegible] acres of land [illegible] Delaware, [illegible] Ferry, Frankford, and [illegible] Turnpike roads, [illegible] Kensington, and [illegible] Germantown—There are on the premises a [illegible] two story stone dwelling house, barn and other [illegible] a never failing stream of water passes through it, and the land is in a good state of cultivation, about four acres being meadow ground of the first quality. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

MAHLON MURPHY.

Byberry, 1 mo 13, 1827—3t*


## The Drama.

"Now the players will best repay us, do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time."—*Hamlet.*

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday, Jan. 13. *Virginius* and *Love to die for Love.* Monday, Jan. 15. *The Hypocrite* and *Past and Present.* Wednesday, *Damon and Pythias*, and the *Turnpike Gate.* Thursday, *The Foundling of the Forest*, and the *Rendezvous, or Hide and Seek.* Friday, *Virginius* and the Farce of *The Deaf Lover.*

A Philadelphia audience attends to the tragedy of Virginius, when the chief character is personated by any other than Cooper, with no common feelings of criticism. That gentleman has made so much of Virginius, and so often repeated it, that merely an occasional visitor at the Theatre may judge of *his* excellencies, and detect the short-comings of other aspirants for histrionic credit from the same part. Mr. Macready possesses some advantages in *face* over Mr. Cooper, and we have heard it observed, that in Roman dignity of step and gesture, he somewhat excelled his competitor; perhaps in the first scene, where Virginius upbraids the citizens with their exertions in making Appius first Decemvir, there were touches in Mr. Macready's performance, to which the Philadelphians are unused. There were however many defects in reading, and some passages in particular, were passed over with much appearance of tameness. The scene in which Virginius first appears with his *daughter*, is one so replete with excellencies, with tenderness, fatherly feelings on the one side, and filial affection and filial obedience on the other, that adherto it has been considered a *scene* the most attractive in the piece; and in the hands of Mr. Cooper it was deservedly so. Mr. Macready was, however, exclusively for short, very far short of the feelings and judgment of the audience, and with the knowledge of Cooper's exaction of that scene, had the credit of the whole play rested upon it, Mr. Macready's representation would have been a complete failure. In the scene in which Virginius betroths his child to Icilius in the presence of his friend Numatorius and Dentatus, Mr. Macready made ample amends for any apparent deficiencies in the former scene, and we think "hushed all murmurs." There was such an evident combatting between the desire to gratify his child, and the wish to consider her longer *all his own*; such solemn yet expressive pauses, and the concluding words were delivered with such impressive effect, that we certainly express the opinion of nine-tenths of the very numerous audience in saying that *that* scene was never more expressively and effectively given upon our boards. The scene, in which Virginius mourns Dentatus, was not particularly effective; but its descendents were paid for by the excellent interview with Lucius, who acquaints him with the necessity of his appearance in Rome. When Virginius rushed into the house of Numitorius and clasped his daughter in his arms, the house was electrified. The former scene, we think, occasionally lacked the interest that had hitherto been imparted to it, although there were not wanting points of great attraction and effect. The use of the knife, with which to kill his daughter, was highly judicious, in accordance with the dictates of history, and consonant with the author's wishes; an armed citizen in the Roman forum, when the Decemvir was sitting in judgment, would be against all history. The prison scene with Appius was well conducted, and served to close the performance with eclat. There were many things to admire in the Virginius of Mr. Macready; new beauties were elicited and old ones heightened; yet as a whole, we must give the palm to Cooper, whose performance of that part will now be considered as entirely spiritualled. We seize the present occasion to do justice to Mr. Forrest, in the character of Icilius; his personation of that part was highly judicious, and received as it most justly deserved, often and unanimous applause. Mr. Webb's Appius was the best representation of the first act last December, that we have had upon our boards. Mr. Warren's Dentatus was his own, it was enough. Mrs. Conrell, for the first time, represented the young, the gentle Virginia; hitherto that part has been in the possession of Mrs. Anderson, with the single exception of Mrs. Hamblin's personation; and as Mrs. Anderson, a decided favourite of the public, had made that by her judicious exertions, her favourite character, Mrs. Conrell had much to contend against; with her natural and almost overpowering timidity, she acquitted herself however with much credit, and acquired a new claim to the favour of a Philadelphia audience. We must take the liberty of objecting to Mrs. Conrell's manner of *stooping* at her graceful person looses much of its attraction by the habit. We have been unusually copious in our remarks upon the Drama, and especially upon a single performance, this week, because we wished to distinguish between *old* and *new* favourites. No man ever did, and no performer ever will retain public applause and enjoy public approbation longer in this country than Mr. Cooper, and he has lost no claim upon applause or patronage; but the present rush to the Theatre is a rush to curiosity, and curiosity is indeed richly gratified; but, while public munificence does justice to the great claims of Mr. Macready, judicious discrimination will give the palm of pre-eminence to Mr. Cooper.

On Monday evening Mr. Macready performed William Tell to the most crowded house that we have witnessed this season. The performance of William Tell was one calculated to add to the credit already acquired by this gentleman; we are not sure that the two most interesting scenes were marked by more extraordinary beauties. E. Forrest has hitherto been considered the best William Tell that has been upon our boards. Mr. Macready is a veteran, but application will give him, in Forrest, a dangerous rival in his favourite characters.

In the character of *Damon*, on Wednesday evening, Mr. Macready, in some parts, was exceedingly fine; particularly when taking leave of his child at the conclusion of the interview with his wife; it was one of the most perfect touches of nature we ever witnessed. Seldom have we seen it equalled; it drew forth and deservedly too, bursts of applause—but as a whole his *Damon* will not bear so good a comparison with Mr. Cooper's personation of the same character, as does his *Virginius*. The farce of the *Turnpike Gate* went off well, Messrs. Cowell, Hallam & Hyle, gave us their songs in the usual style. We have never heard Mr. Taylour sing with as much taste and effect as he did this evening.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Noah speaking of the young gentleman who made his *debut* on Saturday evening last as "Selim," says:—There was a good deal of timidity, (and sometimes awkwardness) in his manner, but his intelligence and dramatic capacities appeared to be considerable. Some foolish people in the pit called the *debutant* forward after the play, and required a speech. The custom is a very absurd one, and in the case of a first appearance, is decidedly unjust. However, the subject is scarcely worth any discussion. If this young gentleman means to continue on the stage, we think he may become a respectable and useful actor. But if he has any other profession or pursuit, we advise him assiduously to persevere in it. He cannot imagine the countless vexations and sufferings which he is preparing for his future life. This advice is sincere, and he may follow it or not, as it pleases him.

Of the *Signorina Garcia's* "Count Belino," he observes:—The *Signorina* really surprised a crowded and fashionable house on Monday evening. A lady, apparently not twenty years of age, born in Spain, and educated amidst a Spanish, Italian and French community, with all her habits, language, and even dialect foreign, to perform in *English* opera, and with unbounded applause, may indeed be considered a phenomenon. She was, as will be readily believed, dreadfully alarmed, but as she recovered from her timidity, she progressed with spirit and effect. The songs were all highly embellished with Italian cadences; the best was "Is there a heart," in "William Tell," and "Home, sweet Home." They were sung in a style and with a taste that language will allow; and that is saying much, for it is not the language of song. There was just enough of foreign idiom in our Count to make it interesting, and she has only to speak loud, bold and confident, to produce the natural tone of the voice. The audience was much delighted, and the Count did really credit to Garcia and to the manager.

Mr. Pelby took his Benefit at the Park Theatre on Wednesday evening. Mr. & Mrs. Knight gave a concert on the same evening.

Mr. Sawyer is engaged at the Bowery, and was to make his appearance on Thursday evening as "Falconer," in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Mr. Conway was to appear at the Park last evening as "Beverly."

The Ring has been replaced in the Lafayette Theatre, and Mr. Scudder's Equestrian Troop intend performing there during the absence of the Theatrical Company. They commenced on Monday evening.

The tragedy of *Split*, translated from the French, has been brought out at Chatham Garden. It was performed for the first time on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the author, and last appearance of Mr. Booth.

Mr. Richardson, of Virginia, is engaged at the Park Theatre. He commenced on Tuesday evening as "Hotspur" and "Lawyer Woodcock."

The Hero Drama of "Pizarro," has been revived out at the Boston Theatre, it is avoided in the progress of the piece.

Mr. Cooper left Philadelphia on Monday, for Cincinnati.

Mr. Hallebridge made his appearance at the Harmony Theatre on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst. as *Sir Edward Mortimer*, his second attempt at Theatrical performances.

A company of equestrians are performing in the village of Cooperstown, (N. J.) under the management of Messrs. Gilbert & Trowbridge. Their Theatre is the County Court House.

The Theatre, and the Circus under the management of Victor Pepin, are both open in Nashville.

DRURY LANE.—Prior to the 1st of December last, the King for the 1st time in three years, commanded the performance of a play at Drury Lane. The play ordered was the "Devil's Bridge" the farce of Love, Law and Physic." On this occasion no doubt his majesty was received with the usual ceremonies which requires the manager in a court dress to precede the king and suite with two lighted flambeaus and introduce him to the royal box. The house was unusually crowded, and yielded the American manager a cool thousand pounds $4.4 44. This is a great commencement. It augurs well, and we sincerely hope it is the earnest of the success that will in the end crown the enterprise and talent of our countryman. For the information of those familiar with the English stage and the names of the English actors we give the cast of the piece, "Devil's Bridge," at Drury Lane on the King's night. Count Belino, Mr. Braham—Baron Torald, Southwell—Marcelli, Harley—Rosalvina, Miss Graham—Lauretta, Mrs. Davison. The principal characters in the farce, *Love*, Law and Physic, were sustained by Mr. Bennett, Cooper, Harley, Edwin, and the inimitable Liston.

If the following paragraph, from Bell's Life in London of a late date, be correct, our countryman, Price, is not likely to add much to his popularity or profit as manager of Drury Lane Theatre. A dreadful uproar took place last week at Drury Lane Theatre, in consequence of Der Freischutz having been withdrawn, and another piece substituted without the usual notice. Strong observations were made on the conduct of the new lessee, Mr. Price. Another instance has since occurred of the system adopted by Mr. Price, not likely to make him very popular—During the performance, of "A Trip to Wales," the damnation of which we noticed in our last, a person manifested his disapprobation by hissing, when a police officer instead of desiring him to desist, (as a *gentle arm* would have done,) laid hold of him by the collar, handled him very roughly and dragged him out like a common pick-pocket.—This is altogether unjustifiable, and if repeated, must lead to the destruction of property. Good performers and good plays can only induce the patronage of the public; and when a play is really bad, it is in vain to try to force it down the public throat by means of thief takers.

The choruses, it is said, are quite *out of tune* at Old Drury. Nightly salaries have been offered instead of the old established custom of weekly ones; but the parties are too *strong*, and are determined—nay, indeed, "resolved" not to sing under PASCA. The usual choruses in *Mahomet* were, in consequence of this dissention, dispensed with on Saturday last. The time has been when Managers calculated differently, and all was harmony.

A London paper of a recent date, informs that Mr. Neville, of the Sheffield Theatre, whilst playing Dick Hatterick, in Guy Mannering, met with a serious accident.—In taking a pistol from his belt, it unfortunately exploded, and completely shattered one of his hands.

A simple tomb is to be erected over the grave of Talma, bearing his name on the eastern side, and a statue of him is to be placed in the Theatre of French Comedy. Both are to be paid for by subscription.

An immense Theatre has just been constructed at Moscow; the edifice, exclusive of the Peristyle, is 428 feet long, and 232 feet broad. It is calculated to hold 3000 persons without crowding.

## MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, the 27th ult. by the Rev. F. D. Schaeffer, Mr. WILLIAM CHRYSTLER, to Miss LYDIA JACKSON, daughter of the late William M'Culley, all of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. James P. Wilson, Mr. JAMES A. CAMPBELL, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of William Davis, all of this city.

On Christmas Eve, by the Rev. W. L. M'Calla, DAVID PAUL BROWN, Esq. of this city, to Miss EMELINE C., only daughter of the late Capt. Sewel Handy, and grand-daughter of the late James Hutchings, Esq. of Maryland.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Daniel Jester, Mr. ROBERT M. HALL, to the amiable Miss MAGDALEN HOLLAND, both of Milton, Delaware.

On Saturday evening, the 13th inst. in this city, by the Rev. Samuel Huggens, Mr. JOSEPH LOVE, to Miss ANN BUFFIN, both of Mount Holly, New Jersey.

On Thursday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. F. D. Schaefer, Mr. JOHN FERDINARD RUHL, to Mrs. JULIA ANN SMITH, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Enos Sellers Ely, Mr. WILLIAM BONSALL, Printer, to Miss MARGARET PREALL, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Frederick D. Schaeffer, Mr. CHARLES STRAYLINE, of Penn township, to Miss CATHARINE M. WISE.

On the 11th inst. by Elder F. Plummer, Mr. JOSHUA WARD, to Mrs. JANE SIMONS, both of Darby, Delaware county.

On Wednesday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pease, Mr. WASHINGTON BAILEY, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Charles Clayton, all of this city.

## DIED,

On Friday morning, the 19th inst. THOMAS LLOYD, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 70 years and six months. His friends and acquaintance are invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, No. 138 North Eighth street, at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon.

On Thursday night, after a short illness, JOHN HESS, Constable, aged 62 years.

On the 18th inst. of Hydrocephalus, WILLIAM HENRY, son of Capt. Aaron Hewes, aged 5 years.

On Friday evening, the 15th inst. RICHARD THORNHILL, aged 50 years.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARGARET TWIBILL, after a long and painful illness, of dropsy, aged about 70 years.

On Monday morning, the 15th inst. Mrs. LYDIA ANN NAPIER, wife of Capt. James Napier, in the 23d year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs. MARY MORRIS, relict of the late Robert Morris, Esq. and sister of Bishop White.

On Sunday night, Mr. T. BURRIL, a native of Lynn, Massachusetts.

On Wednesday evening last, in the 70th year of her age, MARY STOW.

On the 11th inst. IRENE LAURA FERGUSON, aged 6 years, daughter of John D. Ferguson.

On Friday last, at his residence in the City of Trenton, N. J. after a lingering and painful illness, Mr. DAVID M. SHIELDS, formerly of the firm of John Shields and Son, Merchants of Philadelphia, aged 42 years.

On Monday morning, Mr. DAVID POWER, aged 20 years.

On the 14th inst. Mr. PHILIP WINNEMORE, after a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, aged 42 years.

On Thursday evening, the 11th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH BECK, aged 93 years.

On the 16th inst. in the 66th year of his age, Mr. DAVID JANUARY, of this city.

On Wednesday morning, in the 37th year of her age, Mrs. MARY ANN ELIZABETH HANCOCKS, wife of Mr. Robert Hancocks.

On the 21st of Sept. last, at Rio Janeiro, after a long and distressing illness, WILLIAM W. LACE, son of William Lace, of Philadelphia, at the age of 36 years and 4 months.

On the 28th of Nov. at a plantation near Kingston, Jamaica, CHARLOTTE SANDERS, a free black woman at the advanced age of 140 years. She retained her faculties till within a few days of her death.

# THEATRE.

*Mr. Macready's Seventh Night,*

And last but Two of his engagement.

THIS EVENING, Jan. 20,

Will be presented Shakespeare's Tragedy of

HAMLET,
*PRINCE OF DENMARK.*

Hamlet Mr. Macready.

After which, the Comic Farce of

WHERE SHALL I DINE?

Monday last night but one of Mr. MACREADY'S engagement.

Concert Office, 8 South 5d Street.

JANUARY 20th, 1827.

EVENING [illegible] of persons [illegible] the Concert Room [illegible] CANAL LOTTERY, to be drawn in this City on the 28th March next, CAPITAL PRIZE $5,000—Tickets $5, shares in proportion, which city be had in the greatest variety at my office in this city or Baltimore. As which places orders from the country (post paid) enclosing the requisite amount in cash or prizes will meet the most prompt attention.

jan 20—tf W. C. CONIE.


BY COMLY & TEVIS,
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THIRTEENTH PERIODICAL SALE OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES,

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Seven Hundred Packages Domestic Goods.

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PROPOSALS

For publishing a new weekly paper, to be entitled the

*Philadelphia Literary Gazette,*
AND REGISTER OF NEWS

CONDITIONS.

IT will be printed on fine paper, each number containing eight pages, quarto, which will form every half year, a handsome volume, of a size suitable for binding.

It will be published WEEKLY, and the first number will appear early in March.

The price will be three dollars per annum, if paid in advance, or four dollars, if credit is required.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In establishing this Gazette, our leading object is to investigate the character and pretensions of such new publications as may be deemed worthy of notice, impartially as may proceed from the American press.

That Philadelphia, the most populous, wealthy and intelligent city in the United States, and from its central situation, enjoying facilities superior to any other for the distribution of its periodicals to distant points, should possess no work of this description, has been a circumstance marked as a matter of both surprise and regret. The benefits which such a work, under proper conduct, would confer on the Literature of the country, are manifest. Our writers labour under the peculiar disadvantage of having to contend with the established fame, and, if the expression be allowed, the prescriptive reputation, of writers using the same language in an older country, which has hitherto, in literary matters, dictated to us laws to which we have been too ready to yield a blind and implicit obedience. It is impossible that we can ever enjoy a national literature of much eminence, until we throw off this degrading dependence. If, as a people, we wish to attain a suitable rank among the nations, we must emancipate ourselves from the thraldom of foreign criticism. To be just to ourselves, we must think and determine for ourselves. Tribunals of our own should regulate the taste of our readers, and try the merits of our authors. It is full time we should possess journals of criticism independent in tone and fearless in decision; the conductors of which should not await with slavish patience for the arrival of opinions from Edinburgh or London, relative to an American book, or any other book, in order merely to echo them, but would promptly take new publications under their own cognizance, and boldly proclaim their own judgments, without regard to any authority.

The habit which we have too long followed of throwing our opinions of books from the other side of the Atlantic, has unavoidably led to the injustice of neglecting our own authors. It is hoped, however, that the times for our men of talent are approaching. The projected Quarterly Review to be published in this city under the auspices of Mr. Walsh, promises well. It is to be hailed as an occurrence likely to form a new æra in our literary history. It is announced as a work that shall be national and independent. There is therefore, reason to expect that it will sedulously watch over the productions of our press, and lose no opportunity of bringing their merits into notice. In an employment so desirable and important, we fondly hope that the Gazette we now offer to the public, will be found, though an humble, yet a zealous and useful auxiliary. To render it such we will make every exertion in our power—we have already engaged an Editor of known literary habits and experience; and we invite a host of talents generally to aid us in our course. In the event of the work being successful, we shall cheerfully share them a fair compensation for their labours, for we think there are few circumstances of a public nature to be regretted, than the illiberality with which literary exertion is rewarded in this country.

That the work may be rendered more extensively useful and interesting than if confined solely to disquisitions, a portion of it will be set apart to the chronicling of political and other events. Politics, however, shall be carefully avoided; the spirit of party shall not influence its decisions, nor the conflicting interests of rival aspirants to office infringe on the impartiality of its statements. Space shall be allotted to instructive Essays and amusing Tales, when written with accuracy and taste. Nor shall the offerings of the muse be refused admission, when the muse shall appear to have really inspired them; but when their inspiration be of their harshness shall prove them to be of earthly origin, their authors must not feel disappointed at their rejection, for we are desirous that the flowers of Parnassus alone, unmixed with its weeds, shall appear in our pages.

In the foregoing exposition of our views, we have perhaps promised more than the public will give us credit for being able, or than we may, on trial, really find ourselves able to perform. But we have some confidence in ourselves; and if we fail to fulfil reasonable expectations, it will not be from want of either good intentions or laudable efforts. The most effectual mode, however, by which the public can enable us to perform all we promise, is to extend to us that patronage which we now respectfully solicit for a work, the utility of which must be apparent to every reflecting mind.

ROBERT MORRIS & CO.

Philadelphia January 9, 1827.

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T. C. CLARKE,

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARODY

On "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet."

TO C**** C******.

There is not that I know a fair lady so sweet,
As that form where the graces all center and meet;
Oh! the last glance her eyes darted forth shall depart,
Ere the bloom of her features shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had stamp'd on her face
So much beauty, or set in her form as much grace;
'Twas not that soft magic which my bosom fill'd,
Oh no, it was something more requisite still.

'Twas the wealth on thy fingers display'd—and thy ease—
Which shone like thy beauties, and made them more dear;
More enchantingly dear to my heart and my eyes,
Which gazed with delight as I long'd for the prize.!

Sweet maid, I invoke thee! Oh, could I possess
Thy charms and thy treasures, how calm could I rest;
Then, should the storms of my creditors cease,
And *my* heart, thine and fortune's, should mingle in peace.

FROM THE NATIONAL GAZETTE.

TO MR. WARREN.

Full many an actor have I seen,
Who ranted till his face was black,
But none, methinks, e'er trod the scene,
I liked so well as thee—old Jack.

Let Thomas Cooper walk the stage,
Or Edmund Kean again come back,
To fret and strut and fume and rage,
Thou'rt worth a thousand such—old Jack.

Thy jokes are new—tho' often told,
Thy merry wit is never slack,
Thy sterling worth, like wine that's old,
Is better every year—old Jack.

Then let us see thee once again,
At Gadshill, swiftly fly the track,
And tell how many thou hast slain,
To keep thy credit up—old Jack.

I wish to view thy waggish air,
To see thee drink thy fav'rite sack,
And mug in hand, devoutly swear,
Thou hast not drunk to-day—old Jack.

I wish to see thee slay the dead,
And gravely take him on thy back,
And swear that human valor's fled,
Or only lives in thee—old Jack.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## THE SCHOOL OF FLORA.

No. III.

Botanic Name } PRIMULA AURICULA.
English names } *Auricula, Cowslip, Bear's Ear.*
French name. } *Oreeille D'Ours.*

This beautiful, delicate and sweet scented flower, is one of the earliest to bloom in the houses and gardens; it often perfumes the rooms in the middle of winter. It is easily kept in small pots, by the fire side although growing equally well in the open ground, (where it blossoms in March), being hardy like all Alpine Plants.

It is a native of the high mountains of Europe; but has long ago been introduced into the gardens. In the United States, it is little known as yet, and not generally spread, although it deserves to be. It produces for a months succession of flowers of many hues, and sweetly fragrant, which grow in clusters out of the root without any stem. The root is perennial, and lasts many years.

All the leaves are also radical, and spread star like on the ground; their shape is oboval, they are nigged, but not rough. The flowers rise on short pedicels, the corolla is like a funnel at first, but the upper part soon spreads like a flat salver with 5 notched lobes. This plant, like many others long domesticated, is remarkable by the variety of colors and hues which the corolla assumes. New varieties may be produced at pleasure by seeds. The florists give names to all these varieties, in order to draw the attention on them. Thus we have *Auriculas* of all the shades of white, pale and deep yellow, purplish, greenish, brownish, &c. but none blue or black. Two colors are often united, producing a star in the centre. The handsomest have three colors, or a different hue on the edge. These colors are often rich and velvet like.

To this variety of hues is united a most fragrant sweetness, nearly similar in all, although more or less unfolded and strong. It combines the sweetness of the Jessamine to the fragrance of the Mignonette. Such qualities recommend this fine flower to the florists of both sexes, even above the Violets and Snow-drops (its companions at the end of winter) which have less beauty and fragrance.

It belongs to the genus PRIMULA, (in English, Primrose,) and is distinguished from the numerous species of the same genus, by its large fragrant flowers. The Primroses belong and give name to a large natural family of plants the PRIMULACEA. In the Linnean system they belong to the 5th class Pentandria. The name of PRIMULA designates the early precocity of all the species. The specific name *Auricula, means a little ear* in Latin, and has reference to a fanciful allusion, the leaves of this plant, being compared in old times to the Ear of a Bear, whence its French name to this day.

Instead of these obsolete and incorrect notions, is it not better to consider all interesting flowers as poetical and moral emblems? This idea is very ancient; the Lily has been the emblem of beauty, and the rose, the queen of flowers ever since poetry had birth. On that score the AURICULA claims to be the EMBLEM of youthful FANCY, and precocious GENIUS, since like them it delights betimes, ever changes, and soon disappears.

## THE SELECTOR.

THE JOCKEY.

His horses run too slow to win the plate,
But certain 'tis, they out-run his estate.

ON A LAME BEGGAR.

"I am unable," yonder beggar cries,

LIFE.

If breath were made for every man to buy,
The poor man could not live, the rich man would not die.

ARITHMETIC.

Says Giles, my wife and I are two;
Yet faith I know not why, sir;
Quoth Jack, you're ten, if I speak true,
She's one, and you're a cypher.

*Grace after Dinner at a Miser's Table.*

Thanks for this miracle! it is no less,
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine, we have had relief,
And seen the wonder of a shin of beef;
Chimnies have smok'd, that never smok'd before,
And we have dined, where we shall dine no more.

MARTIAL.—lib. 1st, Epig. 39.

These verses, Branlus, which thou'st read are mine;
But as thou'st read them wrong, they'll pass for thine.

TREASON.

Treason does never prosper; what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

EX NIHILO, NIL FIT.

'Tis a mere nothing that you ask, you cry;
If you ask nothing—nothing I deny.

THE SUICIDE.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave lives on.

SINGULAR CITY.

Friburg is an ugly but most extraordinary old place, in a beautiful but most extraordinary situation. The romantic Sarine rushes by its grotesque and antique walls, which inclose not only an immense extent of ground, but romantic dells and solitary scenes, more like the wilds of a desert than the interior of a city; while astonishing precipices of sandstone, forming another wall of nature, rise around, in the sides of which, curious chambers and cells, and chapels have been hollowed out, fit for the abode of pious anchorites. The few inhabitants the enormous site of this strange old city contains, present a curious contrast with each other, one half of them living on the top of a rocky precipice, the other at the bottom of it, so that the pavement of one street literally serves as the roof for the houses of another: while it is a curious fact, that these two divisions, though fellow-citizens, are yet as distinct as if they belonged to two different kingdoms, speak different languages, and cannot understand each other; the high dwellers speak French, and the low German. But the extraordinary sight of monks, in their long white robes, and friars, with shaved crowns, and bare pantalled legs and ropes round their waists, walking solemnly about the streets, and *sœurs grises*, habited like nuns, gliding along; the host borne in state through the market, and all the dirty fish women and cabbage-hucksters falling down on their knees in the dirt to adore it; the tinkling of bells, the saying of masses, the worshipping of images, the figures of Saints and Madonnas, that adorn the gloomy, dirty old-fashioned street, and the quaint antiquated dresses of the people, altogether present a spectacle so extraordinary, that I am convinced Fribourg has not its parallel on the face of the earth. One cannot help thinking, that its honest citizens have contrived to lock up the sixteenth century within its walls; for you seem as if you had suddenly got into a place which was going quietly on in that primitive age, while all the rest of the world are living in the nineteenth. —*Oriental Adventures.*

A POLISH JOKE.

During the reign of Stanislaus Poniatowsky, a petty noble having refused to resign to Count Thisenhaus his small estate, the Count invited him to dinner, as if desirous of amicably adjusting the affair; and whilst the knight, in the pride of his heart at such unexpected honour, assiduously plied the bottle, the Count despatched some hundreds of peasants with axes, ploughs, and waggons, ordering the village, which consisted only of a few wooden buildings, to be pulled down, the materials carried away, and the plough passed over the ground which the village had occupied. This was accordingly done. The nobleman on his return home in the evening, could find neither road, house nor village.—The master and his servant were alike bewildered, and knew not whether they were dreaming, or had lost the power of discrimination, but their surprise and agony were deemed so truly humorous, that the whole court was delighted with the joke.—*Neal's Travels.*

*Lindley Murray the Grammarian's Adventure with an Elephant.*

When I was in England in the year 1772, I went to see the elephants which were kept at the Queen's stables, Buckingham-house. Whilst I was gratifying myself with observing the huge creatures, and their various actions and peculiarities, I took occasion to withdraw from one of them a part of the hay, which he was collecting on the floor with his proboscis. I did this with my cane; and watched the animal very narrowly, to prevent a stroke from him, which I had reason to expect. The keeper said that I had greatly displeased the elephant and that he would never forget the injury. I thought but little of this admonition at the time. But about six weeks afterwards, when I accompanied some other persons on a visit to the elephants, I found that, though probably several hundred people had been there since my preceding visit, the animal soon recognised me. I did not attempt to molest or tease him at all; and I had no conception of any concealed resentment. On a sudden, however, when I was supposed to be within the reach of his proboscis, he threw it towards me with such violence, that had it struck me, I should probably have been killed, or received some material injury. Happily for me, I had perceived his intention, and being very active, I sprung out of his reach. To every other person present he was gentle and good tempered, and his enmity to me arose, as the keeper declared, solely from the circumstance of the little affront which I had formerly put upon him.—*Memoirs of Lindley Murray.*

A very remarkable case has occurred with a man in the Schoolwynd of Paisley. The hair of his head, and likewise his beard, has entirely come away from his skin without any apparent cause for so striking a change. He is perfectly well in health, and can assign no reason for the loss of his hair. He had formerly a good head of hair, and an ordinary strong or rough beard, and in the short space of six weeks he has been marvellously deprived of both. He was nearly eleven years in a militia regiment, during which period, in order to attend parade in a decent and cleanly manner, he was necessitated to shave his beard generally once a day; and now, to the astonishment of his friends, has not to perform any labor of the kind.

DRINKERS.

There are three sorts of drinkers. The first class drink to satisfy nature and support existence; the second are somewhat more bilulous, and take a large quantum to exhilarate the frame and cheer the heart—to give vivacity to manner, and brighter corruscations to wit, as well as to ensure them sound repose. These we may be allowed to call lawful drinkers: but the third class, those who swallow potations deep for no earthly purpose but to enervate the body and stupify

their own shewing, they deserve to be ranked *with*, if not *beneath*, the beasts that perish, seeing that it is their constant aim to render their reason oblivious, without possessing its next kin, instinct.

NAUTICAL PIETY.

A sailor having been for his good behaviour, promoted from a foremast man to a boatswain, was ordered on shore by his captain to receive his commission at the Admiralty Office. Jack went accordingly, and thus described his reception afterwards to his companions: —"I bore away large," said he, "for the Admiralty Office; and on entering the harbour I espied a dozen or two quill-drivers, I hailed 'em;—not a word said they. 'Hello!' again said I. Not a word said they. 'Shiver my topsails, but what can this mean?' said I. 'Then I took a guinea from my pocket, and holding it up to my peeper, 'Hollo,' again said I.—'Oh! Hollo,' returned they. 'So, so, my boys,' cried I, 'you are like *Balaam's* ass are you: You could not speak until you saw the Angel!'"

The Berlin State Gazette contains the following singular:—"At each post station upon the principal roads of the Prussian States a room has been fitted up for the reception of persons travelling post, either in the post house itself, when it is sufficiently spacious, or in the vicinity where it is not so. This room shall be properly furnished, be lighted during the night, and have a fire in the winter. Travellers shall be received there gratis, at all hours, without being required to take any refreshment. In this room, shall be a bill of fare, bearing the post-office stamp, in which the charge for articles of refreshment shall be stated.—There shall, moreover, be a register kept, at the head of which shall be marked different general rules of conduct; upon the blank part of the pages travellers may record the complaints they may have to make relative to slowness or incivility in the service, upon the bad quality of the refreshments, &c. &c.; and those complaints shall be communicated without delay, to the authorities, that the grievances alledged may be immediately examined and redressed.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PUZZLE.

My whole consists of six letters, and with more of the same article under different names, has been the ruin of many.—Omit my last, and I am used for marking; omit my 5th and last, and I am food for cows; join my three first and last, and horses name me; omit my first and last, and you are the name of a celebrated writing master in this city; my 5th, 3d and last, is not night; my 4th, 2d and last, is a term for denial; my 1st, 3d and last, is a harbour for ships; my 5th, 2d, 3d and 1st, is the name of a colour for cloth; my 5th, 2d, 3d and last, is a vehicle for conveying goods; my 3d and 4th, is an article; my 1st 3d, 4th and 5th, is used when speaking of martial music; my 1st, 3d, 2d and 4th, is a receptacle for grain; my 1st, 3d, 2d and 5th, is another name for a poet; my 1st, 3d and 2d, is found in every tavern; my 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th, is a species of nail; my 2d, 3d and 5th, is evil; my 5th, 2d and last, wishes drink; my 4th, 3d, 2d and 4th, is a term for spun wool; my 5th, 3d, 2d and 5th, is a measure for cloth; my 5th, 3d, 2d and 4th, is spoken of in mending stockings; and my 5th, 3d, 2d, 1st and last, is the name of a town not far distant from Philadelphia.

B.

Answers to the Enigmas, Charades, &c. in our last.

1. Mo-ni-to-al.—2. Tra-pez.—3. Water-lily.—4. Pea-cock.—5. Letter O.—6. Tron-ton.—7. Hora-pipe.

HECLA.

*Agents for the S. Evening Post.*

The gentlemen whose names are attached hereto, have kindly volunteered to transact the business of this establishment at the respective places where they reside.—We request that all dues for the paper be paid over to them, and persons wishing to subscribe to it, will find a ready means of conveying their wishes to the publishers through them.

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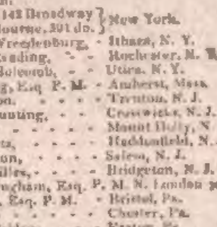

## PREMIUMS.

To induce the numerous female correspondents of the Saturday Evening Post and others to furnish original essays and metrical compositions particularly calculated to enrich the columns of the Casket for 1827, the publishers have been induced to offer the following rewards, which it will be understood are to be exclusively confined to the LADIES, with the view to assist in exalting the character of Female Literature in this country.

1. The Casket for 1826, 1827 and 1828, embellished with numerous engravings, and handsomely bound in rich extra bindings, for the best Essay, in prose, of moderate length.

2. The Casket for three years commencing with the volume just finished bound in the same superb manner, for the best American Tale, of moderate length.

3. The Casket for three years, commencing as above, bound in a superb style, for the best Biography of American character, male or female.

4. The Casket for three years, or five years Subscription to the Saturday Evening Post, for the best metrical composition, not exceeding sixty lines.

One year's subscription to the Casket for 1827 will be awarded to each of the *second best* articles in either of the above departments.

The articles must be addressed to *Atkinson & Alexander*, Philadelphia (post paid) and handed in by the first of March next, when they will undergo the inspection of three Literary gentlemen of this city, and the awards be distributed with fairness and impartiality.

Editors throughout the Union friendly to Female Literature will please to give this notice two or three insertions.


CHARLES THUM,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKER,
*No. 4, North Sixth Street,*

JEWELLERY STOCK
FOR SALE,
AT No. 109 CHESNUT STREET.

THE Subscriber about to decline his retail Business, offers for sale, at Cost, his extensive JEWELLERY, consisting of—

*Fine Gold* Breast Pins, Ear Rings and Finger Rings, of various patterns, set in Diamonds, Rubies, Garnets, Pearls, Turquoise, and various Imitation Stones.

*Fine Gold* Mourning Jewellery, consisting of Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Breast Pins and Medallions, set in Jet, of various patterns.

*Filagree*, Wrought Gold Ear Rings and Breast Pins, some entire new patterns; Cable Chains, Watch Chains, Seals and Keys, Lockets, &c.

*Fine Gold Chased* Seals and Keys, Curb Chains, Miniature settings, Finger Rings and Ear Rings.

*Paste Work*, consisting of Ear Rings, Breast Pins and Rings of very superior workmanship and warranted Gold.

*Silver* Table and Tea Spoons, and a great variety of Fancy Goods, consisting of Coral, Shell Combs, fancy Hair Work, Necklaces, Gilt goods, &c. &c.

The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine the Goods, as it is the intention of the proprietor to close his business.

SAMUEL WITHINGTON.

3 Dec. 30—3t

To be Sold at Private Sale.

A VALUABLE Plantation, containing about seventy acres, situated in Roxborough Township, Philadelphia County, 6 and a half miles from the city. Bounded on the N. E. by the township line road, on the S. E. by lands of Enoch and Daniel Rittenhouse, on the South partly by the Wissahickon Creek, and on the N. W. by Samuel Mason's place. There is on the premises, a comfortable Stone Dwelling House, pebble-dashed, with an excellent well of water and a pump therein near the door, and a milk house adjoining, a commodious stone barn, a barn yard enclosed by a good board fence, lately erected, with sheds for cattle, a carriage and waggon house, &c. There is a considerable portion of thriving valuable woodland, several springs of water, and a small stream, never known to be dry, running through the place, a variety of different kinds of fruit trees, a good garden enclosed by a small pale fence, a native grape vine near the house, which for quantity of grapes and extent of shade, is thought not to be exceeded, if equalled in the County. There is now growing on the premises, several acres of promising wheat and rye. There has been put on the farm this year, upwards of 200 dollars worth of Stable Manure, besides about 3000 bushels of Lime. The place being not more than one mile from Germantown, where are several places of public worship; convenient to mills; also, to market, and being in a good neighborhood and remarkably healthy, renders it an agreeable retreat for a family retiring from business, or for carrying on farming on a moderate scale. For terms, apply on the premises, or at No. 251 Arch street.

jan 6—3t*

New Winter Line to Baltimore.

On Saturday, the 6th inst at 8 o'clock, A. M. the Citizens' Line Post Coach, will commence leaving the office, No. 32 North Third street, and continue at that hour every morning during the winter.—Passengers will breakfast at Mrs. Engle's, Chester, dine at Penock's hotel, Elkton, lodge at Havre de grace, and arrive in Baltimore early the following day.

For seats, apply at the office, No. 32 North Third street, or at the office, sign of Robinson Crusoe, No. 27 south Third street, and at the Reading and Bethlehem Stage Office, at A. M'Calla's, White Swan Hotel, Race street.

J. McLURE, Agent.

All baggage at the risque of the owners thereof.

Jan. 4—tf

ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE, No. 9, Lit Chesnut street.

JUST published and for sale by Ash & Mason, No. 9, Lit Chesnut street, No. 9 of the Acting American Theatre, containing the Turnpike Gate, a musical entertainment, by F. Knight, with a portrait of Mr. Cowell, in the character of Cuticle.

jan 6—2t

SURGICAL.

MOST experienced Medical men of every country are well aware that no one disease to which man is subject, is more common, painful, and even dangerous than that of Hernia, or Rupture; and it is much to be lamented that no calamity has hitherto been so poorly provided for. Dr. Hull, having witnessed, during twenty five years practice in Surgery, the distress and misery attending the disease of Rupture, and the fatal consequences frequently incident to it, and being convinced that these unhappy effects generally resulted from the use of badly constructed Trusses, or the neglect to use any, was prompted from feelings of professional duty, and an anxious desire to witness a more effectual remedy, to devote a share of his time to the construction of an instrument for that purpose. He is now satisfied that he has brought into successful operation an improved Truss, happily adapted to all cases of Rupture in both sexes, and from his own experience and that of others, is persuaded he has given to the world an important alleviator, as well as a probable cure for a disability or disease which hitherto the pride of professional science has too much neglected.

The following, among many other testimonials which may be adduced, are presented to the public, in confirmation of the superior efficacy of this Instrument, not only in giving ease and comfort even in cases the most difficult and where other means have proved ineffectual, but in performing cures on persons of all ages.

Dr. Mott, *Professor of Surgery*, in the University of New York *declares*, "that the Truss invented by Dr. Amos G. Hull possesses, both in structure and principle, qualities and advantages, which are entirely original, and which render its application, in all cases, an efficacious remedy to prevent a descent of the bowel, and that in most cases it may be applied with a reasonable prospect of cure." Also "I am of opinion that the union of surgical design and mechanical structure in this instrument render it what has long been the desideratum of practical Surgeons in Europe and America.—Its mechanical adaptation to the parts, the simplicity of its construction, the limited motion nicely graduated by experiment to the different attitudes of the body, and to the action of the muscles; the permanency and security of its location on the body, and its pressure on the circumference of the abdominal ring, are qualities, the tendency of which is to strengthen and restore the weakened parts, to contract the aperture, and ultimately to accomplish a CURE of the disease."

T. W. Hunter, M. D. deposes as follows, "In two very interesting cases of scrotal Hernia (which is the worst and most difficult kind) to which this deponent was called about five years ago, one in this city, and the other in Brooklyn, it was worn with *perfect comfort* and effected a complete CURE of both in less than 12 months. This instrument is approved of by the most eminent Surgeons in the United States and Europe, particularly by the celebrated Sir Astley Cooper of London."

Dr. Perkins late Professor of Surgery in Dartmouth College, deposes and says of this invention,—"It has a plane pad fixed on a concave plate, so that instead of the strong pressure being made by the centre of the pad, (as is the case in all Trusses) that of Dr. Hull's makes the strong pressure by its circular margin, and a diminished pressure by its centre, it thereby not only prevents the escape of the bowel, but approximates and often secures in contact the ruptured part, so as eventually, in many cases to effect a radical and permanent cure."

Joseph Evans, late of Philadelphia, leather Merchant, deposes,—"That having been ruptured about seven years I applied to Dr. Hull in person, who furnished me with one of his patent hinge Trusses, and after wearing it about six months *I found myself entirely cured*, so much so that I can walk about with safety without wearing the *Truss*; and in my opinion it is one of the greatest improvements, and blessings to mankind that is known."

Dr. A. G. Hull, informs the public and unfortunate sufferers that he can now be seen at his office in S. Eighth st. No. 78, where he will, during his stay in the city, devote particular attention to the application of his Truss in all cases; and from former experience in the effectual qualities of this instrument, he flatters himself that he will in cases the most difficult, be able to render comfortable even those sufferers who have hitherto found all other means ineffectual, and have abandoned every hope of relief.

An assortment of these Instruments for every species of Rupture will be kept at the office; and as a skilful application is necessary, the business will, during my absence, be conducted by Dr. Jones, who has obtained perfect knowledge of the qualities and use of this instrument, while engaged in the circle of my practice in medicine and Surgery.

A. G. HULL.

Oct. 14—tf

*Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirteenth day of December in the fifty first year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1826, ALLEN WARD, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit.

"Report of the Philadelphia Fashions, and Tailors' Archetype, for Winter and Spring, 1827, illustrated with fractional Drawings, Pictures of the Fashions, &c. by Allen Ward, professor of the science and art of Tailoring."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned"—And also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Tailors at a distance who send for Drafts and Pictures of the Fashions, may prevent disappointment by accompanying their orders with ten dollars in advance, as payment for the first year's subscription, which amount shall be returned together with a premium of one hundred dollars to the person who shall exhibit a better system than Ward's patent, for the purpose of drafting the forms and outlines of all kinds of garments, which system here offered being strictly mathematical in all its parts, and applicable to all shapes, fashions and garments, has met with unparalleled encouragement by the most intelligent of the professions; ten thousand dollars is already subscribed for the work, but not one cent by persons bigots who despise improvements not their own.

Jan 6—4t*

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

SUPPLIED with a general assortment of Silk Goods, at the lowest prices, for cash or approved.

STOKES & RUZBY,
96 1-2 Market-street.

Oct. 9—3m*

For Sale at this Office

THESE BEREANS," Vol. I. Price $1 00 Boards.

N. B. The Subscription price is two dollars a Volume.

Also, a large Fount of Worcester GREEK, which will be

PARKER'S
VEGETABLE PANACEA.

A TIMELY use of this PANACEA will prevent Consumption, as it carries off the complaints that terminate in the fatal and most spreading disease. It is a well known fact that more die with this disease than of any other to which the human family are exposed. Indeed it has spread to such an alarming extent, and is so certain in its operation, when once it has got the ascendancy, that we cannot be too careful in nipping in the bud the diseases that generate it.

In cases where Mercury has been used, the effects of which remain in the system, it is an invaluable medicine. It restores the constitution to its wonted vigor, and mutilitated, and completely eradicates the evils that attend it, and many can bear testimony to its good effects in this particular.

In Rheumatism it is particularly beneficial; its effects are such as completely to remove the complaint.

In Consumptions, Scrofula or King's Evil, Liver Complaint, Tumours, Dispepsia, Tetter, Ulcers, Putrid Sore Throat, Syphilitic and pseudo Syphilitic, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, it will be found of eminent service.

This PANACEA is equal to any in use: it is pleasant to the taste, and requires no alteration in the diet—Spirituous Liquors are to be avoided.

Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints, after taking four or five bottles, if they receive no benefit, shall, provided they have followed the directions laid down, have their money returned.

This PANACEA will be accompanied with printed directions, and sold wholesale and retail by John A. Parker, back of No. 73 North Fifth street, and by John H. Stewart, in St. John's street, 2d door above Noble, (east side.)

Price, $1 per bottle.

Jan. 6—3t.

JOHN A. PARKER.

INSURANCE
AGAINST DAMAGE FROM FIRE.

THE Trustees of "The Fire Association of Philadelphia," incorporated by an act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of Insuring houses and other buildings, Insure on the most reasonable terms, either perpetually or for a limited period.

On this Association, which is composed of thirty-three Fire Companies, possessing Apparatus, Engines and Hose, of very great value, for the extinguishment of fires, the principal security of the city from conflagration depends.

The funds obtained by Insurance are designed, first, for the payment of losses to the insured, and secondly, a part of the interest, arising from their investment, may be applied for keeping the Apparatus in good order.

For these purposes the public confidence has hitherto been extended to the Association to an unprecedented extent, and the Trustees respectfully solicit a continuation of the public patronage for the public good.

Applications for Insurance may be made of either of the Trustees, or at the Office, No. 241 Arch street.

MICHAEL FOX,
President of the Trustees of the Fire Association

march21—1y

COCALICO MILL STONES.

THE Subscribers has for sale, Cocalico Mill Stones of all descriptions, celebrated for Chopping Corn and Rye, and Grinding Plaister. Orders addressed to them, to be left at the Euphrata Post Office, Lancaster County, Pa. where they will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

MARTIN & KONIGMACHER.

Dec. 2—3mo.*

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

J. ELLIOTT offers for sale at No. 123 Market street third door above Third street, North side, a very extensive assortment of Looking Glasses, Combs, Japan Ware and Fancy Articles, comprising in part, Looking Glasses of all sizes and descriptions, Tortoise Shell, Tuck, Long and Side Combs, and a beautiful Article called Spanish Shell Combs, which from the coarsest and great reduction of Tortoise shell, claims attention.

Southern and Western Merchants are invited to call and examine for themselves, as his prices are such as to insure sales.

april 18—1y

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE attention of the public is respectfully requested to the elegant assortment of French and American Paper Hangings and Borders, now selling off at reduced prices, to close a concern.

BECK & STEWART,
S. W. corner of 3d & Walnut-sts.

oct. 21—tf

FORCELAIN TEETH.

THE Subscribers inform the public that they have succeeded in Manufacturing Porcelain Teeth of a very superior quality, which in form and color, cannot be distinguished from Natural Teeth.

They are prepared to furnish single Teeth, and complete sets, in perfectly fitted to the mouth, as to perform all the functions of the Natural teeth, and of any that that may be required.

The superiority of Porcelain Teeth, in beauty, cleanliness and durability, is acknowledged by all who have used them, and will be manifest on inspection.

Specimens may be seen at their Office, No. 161 Race street.

VAN PELT & M'LHENNEY, Dentists.

N. B. All operations on the Teeth performed in the best manner, and on moderate terms. Dec. 30—tf

Stuckert's Head Ache and
ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

FOR Colds, Foul Stomach, Head-ache, Costiveness, want of appetite, and bilious habits. Large boxes 38 cents, small do. 6 cents.

Stuckert's Pearl Powders for destroying pimples on the Face, and whitening the skin. Large papers 12 1-2 cents, small do. 6 1-4.

Stuckert's Fever and Ague Drops. Large bottles 38 cents, small do, 12 1-2 cents.

Stuckert's Cough Drops, Large bottles 25 cents 12 1-2.

Stuckert's Worm Medicine for grown persons and children, 12 1-2 cents per paper.

Itch Ointment, 12 1-2 cents per box, small do. 6 cents.

Tetter Ointment, 12 1-2 cents per box, small do. 6 cts.

And a general assortment of *Drugs and Medicines* for sale at STUCKERT'S Drug store, No 23 North Fourth st. above Cherry, on the Delaware side. Sept. 16 6t

CONSUMPTIONS, COUGHS, &c.

FOR the cure of Colds, Coughs, Consumptions, Spitting of Blood, Asthma, and all diseases of the breast and lungs.

There is perhaps no medical observation better established, none more generally confirmed by the experience of the best physicians of all ages and countries, and none of more importance to the human family, than the fact that many of the most difficult and incurable consumptions originate in neglected colds. In a climate so variable as ours where the changes of the weather are frequently sudden and unexpected, it requires more care and attention to guard against this dangerous enemy of life, than most people imagine or are able and willing to bestow.—The bills of mortality exhibit the melancholy fact that the proportion of deaths by this disease may be considered as about five to one. In much then as this fatal disease bids defiance to the skill of the most learned physicians, it is a gratification to the proprietor that he is enabled to offer to those afflicted with it, a goodly prospect of relief in that highly valuable remedy, the Vegetable INDIAN SPECIFIC.—The Indians are happy in their knowledge of medical plants; governed wholly by experience, they are certain as to their effect, and it is said by no author of great character, that a true consumption is a disease never known among them.

"The celebrated Dr. Cullen has taught us that our first attention should be employed in watching the approach of the disease, and, preventing its proceeding to an incurable state; and in persons of a consumptive habit, especially those born of consumptive parents, the slightest symptoms of an approaching consumption at the consumptive period of life, ought carefully to be attended to."

This Specific is obtained by extraction from herbs, roots, flowers, plants, &c. which in perfection, in consequence of a happy combination of the most valuable herbs &c. it becomes a balsam of superior value. It heals the injured parts, opens the pores, and composes the disturbed nerves after the manner of an anodyne; consequently the obstruction of the chest and the lungs which constitute this disease, particularly need its use. It promotes expectoration, which is constantly called for, and whilst it cleanses and heals, it also gives strength to the tender lungs. In this manner it removes the hectic fever, improves digestion, gives strength to the nerves, repairs the appetite and improves the spirits. This specific may always be given in safety—it is mild, pleasant to the taste, and may safely be given to infants, for which it is of inestimable value. It affords relief in bowel complaints, teething, whooping coughs, &c. and is found particularly useful in hypochondriacal, nervous and hysterical diseases. Each bill of directions contains a detailed account of this disease in all its different stages. It is offered for sale by ISAAC THOMPSON, North West Corner of Market and Second streets, the JOSEPH STOUSE, Corner of Coates and Second streets, PETER WILLIAMSON, Corner of Almond and Second streets, CHARLES MARSHALL, No. 296 Market street, ELLIS & MORRIS, No. 86 Chesnut street, THOMAS CAVE, 324 Market street, and S. C. GRAHAM and D. SCHAFFER, No. 218 South Second street, &c.

dec 9—oc 3m

MEAD'S PILLS.

THE length of time these pills have been in use, and the uniform satisfaction they have given in all those deranged conditions of the digestive organs, known by the term Dyspepsia, has established for them the reputation of being, without doubt, the best remedy known for the above complaint. They operate mildly, removing all sourness of the stomach, not merely by neutralizing the acid, but by correcting that morbid state of the secretion which gave rise to it; and at the same time that they are giving tone to the whole chylopoetic viscera, or organs of digestion, they will renovate and give new life and vigour to the whole system.

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June 3—tf

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